

2739

THE

A T H E I S T.

A

P O E M.

T H T

A T H T S I .T



A

P O E M.

THE
A T H E I S T.
A
P O E M.

By the Author of the VESTRY,
N. ELLIOT, Shoe-maker, in St. Ebb's-Lane, Oxford.

——— *Old Age and Experience, Hand-in-Hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a Search so painful and so long,
That all his Life, he hath been in the Wrong.
Huddled in Dirt, the Reasoning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.* Satire against Man.

B I R M I N G H A M :

Printed for the Author, by BODEN and ADAMS :
And Sold by Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Parker and Mr. Prince in Oxford,
and all other Booksellers.

M,DCC,LXX.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

THE
TENTH
VOLUME
OF
THE
MUSEUM



THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE
MUSEUM, CONTAINING
A DESCRIPTION OF THE
ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND, AS THEY EXIST
IN THE PRESENT STATE OF
THE KINGDOM.

BY
J. K. SMITH, ESQ.
OF THE
MUSEUM.
AND
PUBLISHED BY
J. K. SMITH, ESQ.
OF THE
MUSEUM.

TO

The Right Reverend,

Right Honourable,

Honourable,

Reverend, *and*

WORTHY SUBSCRIBERS,

This POEM is inscribed,

With all due Submission,

Respect and Gratitude,

By their much obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

N. ELLIOT.



Subscribers Names.

A
THE Lord Bishop of St. Asaph,
 Rev. Mr. Afhe, Prebend. of Winchester
 Mr. Almond, of Abingdon, Berks,
 Mr. Akehurst, Student of Ch. C. Oxford,
 Mr. Austin, of Wotton-under-edge,
 Gloucestershire.

Edward Andrews, Esq; near Bristol,
 Mr. Andrews, Queen's College, Oxford,
 Mr. William Austin, Oxford,
 William Adam, Esq;
 Rev. Mr. Adamthwayte, Queen's Col. Oxford,
 Mr. Alder, of Abingdon, Berks,

B
 Charles Barrow, Esq; 4 Copies,
 John Bagwell, Esq; 4 Copies,
 Rev. Mr. Butt, Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford,
 — Battie, Esq; Gent. Com. of Christ Church,
 Oxford,
 Mr. Berwick, of Froom-hall, near Stroud, Gloucestershire,
 Miss Boulton, Red-lion-square, London,
 Miss Nancy Boulton, of ditto,
 — Bloss, Esq; Gent. Commoner, of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Bartor, Commoner, of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Beynon, ditto of ditto,
 Mr. Bather, ditto of ditto,
 Mr. Boulton, Thread-needle-street, London.

C
 The Most Noble the Marquis of Caermarthen, 2 Copies.
 The Right Hon. Lord Craven, 8 Copies.
 The Hon. N. Curzons,
 The Hon. — Conway, 4 Copies.
 Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart.
 The Hon. and Rev. — Cornwallis,
 Mr. Corral, Lombard street, London, 4 Copies,
 Mr. Richard Cook, of Lodgemore, near Stroud, Gloucestershire,
 James Clutterbuck, Esq; Thrup, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, 2 Copies,
 Mr. Cox, Student, of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Curtis, Apothecary, in Oxford,
 Mr. Cave, of Baliol College, Oxford,
 — Crow, Esq; Gentleman Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford,
 Mr. Callahan, Commoner of ditto,
 Mr. Carey, of Woodford-Row, Essex,
 Mr. Costar, Oxford,

D
 The Right Hon. Lord Deskford, 8 Copies,
 James Dutton, Esq;
 — Dutton, Esq; Gentleman Commoner of Oriel College, Oxford,
 Mr. Drummond,
 Rev. Mr. Dolling, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Rev. Mr. Dalby, ditto of ditto,
 Rev. Mr. Dues,
 Mr. Thomas Dovey, Surgeon, in Pershore, Worcester-shire,
 Mr. Dunster, of Oriel College, Oxford,
 Mr. Dowding, C. C. C. Oxford,

E
 Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart. 4 Copies,
 Gilbert Elliot, Esq; Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Hugh Elliot, Esq;
 Rev. Mr. Ellis, Pembroke College, Oxford,
 Mr. Eaton, Printer, in Oxford,

F
 — Frederick, Esq; Gentleman Commoner, of Trinity College, Oxford,
 Mr. Ford, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Ferrers, Commoner, of Christ Church, Oxford,
G
 Rev. Mr. Goodenough, Student, of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Gooch, Commoner, of ditto,
 — Gillum, Esq; Grape Merchant, in London,
 Mr. Garrat, Ludgate-Hill, London,
 Mr. Green, Oxford,
 Mr. Gregory, Student of Ch. Church, Oxford,

H
 Honourable and Reverend William Harley 2 Copies,
 Rev. Mr. Hawker, Woodchester, Gloucestershire,
 Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Student of C. Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Hodgson,
 — Hewit, Esq; Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church College, Oxford,
 Mr. Hunter, Black Friars, London,
 Mr. Hog, Bookseller in Stroud, Gloucestershire,
 Mr. Howell, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
 Mr. Hand, Commoner, of ditto,
 Mr. Hazard,
 Mr. Hutchinson, Fellow of New College, Oxford,
 Mr. Hole, of Exeter College, Oxford,
 Mr. Herne, Oxford,

J
 Rev. Mr. Jackson, Student of C. C. Oxford, 2 Copies,

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Mr Jackson, Junior, of ditto,
Rev. Mr Chambres Jones, of ditto,
Samuel Jackson, Esq;
Mr Jackson, of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, 2 Copies,
Mr Jackson, Printer, in Oxford,
Mr Jefferies, Commoner, of Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr Irving,

Mr James, Oriel College, Oxford,
K
The Right Honourable Lord Kilmaurs, 8 Copies,

L
Rev. Mr Lowthe, Prebendary of Winchester,
Lumley Esq; Moulesford, Berks,
Rev. Mr Lefroy, Fellow of All Souls College,
Oxford,

Mr Love, Commoner, of Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr Lucas, Lincoln College, Oxford,
Mr Lewis, Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr Lewis, near Stroud, Gloucestershire,

M
Mapp, Esq; Barbadoes, 2 Copies,
John Morhead, Esq; Gentleman Commoner, of
Oriel College, Oxford,

Mrs Mildmay, Twyford, near Winchester,
Mrs Morley, Wapping, 2 Copies,
Rev. Mr Morrice, Student of Christ Church, Ox-
ford, 3 Copies,

Mr Morrice, of Merton College, Oxford,
Mr Montagu, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr Master, Fellow of New College, Oxford,
Mr Moorland, of Stroud, Gloucestershire,
Mr James Maverty, West Wycombe, Bucks,
Mr Morrel, Attorney, in Oxford,

N
Rev. Mr Newbolt, Winchester,

O
O'Callaghan, Esq; Gentleman Commoner,
of Christ Church, Oxford,
Osborne, Esq; Gentleman Commoner, of
Christ Church, Oxford,

P
Henry Penton, Esq; Member for Winchester,
Mr Price, of the Choir, in Gloucester,
Rev. Mr Pettingal, Student of Christ Church,
Oxford,

Mr Price, Trinity College, Oxford,
Rev. Mr Pem, Oriel College, Oxford,
William Pigott, Esq; of St. Mary Hall, Oxford,
Mr Ponton, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford,
Mr Power, of Hill, near Stroud, Gloucestershire,
8 Copies,

Miss Pitt, of Stroud, Gloucestershire,
Rev. Mr Pyle, Winchester,

Mr Perry, Bristol, 6 Copies,
R

Mrs Richards, Cheapside, London,
Mr Ready, University College, Oxford,
Mr Remnant, Waltham, in Surry,

S
George Augustus Selwyn, Esq; 4 Copies,
Rev. Mr Sturges, Prebendary of Winchester,
William Shipley, Esq; Student of Christ Church,
4 Copies,

Mrs Shipley,
Mr Story, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr Stow, Oxford,
Mr Stuart, Oxford,
Mr Shepherd, Bicester, Oxfordshire,
Mr Smith, of Oriel College, Oxford,
Mr Steward, of Merton College, Oxford,

T
The Right Honourable the Earl of Tyrconnel,
8 Copies,
Honourable John Trevor,

Mr Thorpe,
Mr Taylor,
Rev. Mr Trivett, Christ Church, Oxford,
Mr James Turner, Kingstone-Upon-Thames,
Mr Taunton, Attorney in Oxford,
Mr Towle, Oxford,

V
Rev. Mr Vardy, Student of Christ Church, Oxford,
2 Copies,
Mr Thomas Goddard Vilett, Fellow of St. John's
College, Oxford,

W
Rev. Doctor Walton, Prebendary of Winchester,
Rev. Mr Woodroffe, ditto of ditto,
Edward Ward, Esq; Gentleman Commoner, of
Christ Church, Oxford,
Nicholas Ward, Esq; ditto of ditto,
Mr Woodhouse, Commoner, of ditto,
Mr Woodward, ditto of ditto,

Webb Esq; Gentleman Commoner, of Ori-
el College, Oxford,
Mr William Adams Williams, Fellow of St. John's
College, Oxford,
Mr Wilmer,
Mr White, of Wadham College, Oxford,
Mr Web, of Hill, near Stroud, Gloucestershire,
Mr Richard Watts, near Stroud,
Mr Thomas Weston, Oxford,

Y
Robert Gorges Dobyns Yate, Esq; Gentleman
Commoner, of St. John's College, Oxford,



A T H E I S T,

P O E M.



SINCE ev'ry Fop who scarce can spell his name,
Stumbles on verse, and hopes for endless fame,
Tho' nature mocks him in the wild-goose chase,
And heavy art lags slowly thro' the race;

5 Shall I sit tamely down and wait the blow,
Up-rai'd to crush me, by the deadly foe?

Some few there are by providence assign'd
To lash our crimes, and polish human kind;
Yet these eccentric to the purpose giv'n,
10 To int'rest stoop, and thwart the will of heav'n.

Such late was *Churchill*, whose impartial page,
Had spurn'd the sin, and pleas'd each future age ;
But he too soon forsook the nobler plan,
And in the gulph of Party sunk the man.
15 Say, what but this could stain his fairer fame,
Or from the latest annals blot his name ?
Let me, whom nature in a spiteful mood
Dragg'd into life, act for the public good ;
And, tho' unable those vast heights to fly,
20 Which but the eagle-ey'd may safely try,
With steady wing pursue the middle way,
And shun those rocks, where others fell a prey.
Time was our fathers would conceal their sin,
And blush, e'en by a menial servant seen ;
25 But their enlighten'd sons despise those times,
And laughing own their most enormous crimes ;
Nay, now so emulous our youth are grown,
They often boast a vice that's not their own.
This who unmov'd, with equal mind can see,
30 I grant must have one virtue more than me,
Who at offence take fire, and scorn to shew
A slave's obedience to a tinsel'd Beau ;

Nor

Nor will, with senseless grin, approve the jest,
Altho' the fav'rite topic be a Priest.

- 35 Our rev'rend Preachers may attack in vain,
And threaten them with everlasting pain;
But why for proofs advance what they despise,
Who laugh to scorn such dull authorities?
They are too wise to be religious yet
40 Who farther credit on their souls can get;
Each is resolv'd like *Solomon* to try
'Ere he'll pronounce, that all is vanity.
But—should a noble Critic start in rage,
Damn the trite thought, and low unmeaning page;
45 And swear the few examples, quoted here,
Are stol'n from books, which he hath seen---somewhere;
That envy only points the stinging song,
Which proves, at most, the Author may be wrong;
That Satire might with justice be pursu'd
50 Among the nether Crowd, and do some good.
I grant his Lordship's charge too justly laid,
At least in part, and therefore guilty plead.
For polish'd verse I own myself unfit,
Tho' poor enough, heav'n knows, to be a wit;

- 55 Yet, so enormous are our vices grown,
 We scarcely blush to have our folly known;
 So public swearers are in ev'ry street,
 That few without a friendly curse can meet;
 So much religion is become a shame,
 60 E'en cobblers scorn to own the empty name;
 Therefore resolv'd, I'll raise my feeble pen,
 And dare the rage of shameless guilty men.
 Come Method then, and form each growing line,
 Lest yelping critics on my offals dine.
 65 An ATHEIST is propos'd, my promise giv'n,
 And you reply, "there's none such under heav'n;"
 Be patient, Sir, and then peruse my plan,
 Perhaps you'll own, you are the very man.

- That there's a God, his works will plainly show,
 70 The Diff'rence then is what to him we owe;
 What is the thing, Religion thrown aside,
 By which we may our erring footsteps guide?
 What sure criterion to direct our ways,
 Should he, who form'd, withdraw his friendly rays?
 75 Is man sufficient of himself alone,
 Man, whose infirmities are hourly known,

THE ATHEIST.

5

Is he sufficient to attain the end
For which, by heav'n, he seem'd at first design'd?
And if dependant, as you must allow,
80 The question is, on whom, or where, or how?

First, in the natal hour who gave thee birth,
Things like thyself, meer reptiles of the earth?
Could they prophetic, ere thou wast, foresee,
Or give thee life, who knew not thou would'st be?
85 Could they pour health one moment through thy veins,
Smooth thy rough paths, or guard thy youth from pains?
Rather, might not our parents vices sow
Those noxious seeds, which with our beings grow?
Let *H---r's** sons ask, "whence their ills proceed?"
90 The bastard fire pleads guilty to the deed.
Point out the place where thou can'st be secure,
Or man who can this wretched life ensure;
Then shew me how or where thou can'st have rest?
In him alone who breathes through ev'ry breast;
95 In him alone who animates the whole;
Whose body's nature, and himself the soul;
In him who's present through unbounded space,
Nor here, nor there, but God in ev'ry place.

* A Gentleman well known in Gloucestershire for his Debaucheries.

C

Who

Who bade, from Chaos, jarring seeds accord,
 100 And worlds unnumber'd soon confess'd their Lord.
 Yet this presumptive thing, call'd man, would fain
 Deny that Pow'r who gave him strength to reign.

Some few pretend to know the will of heav'n,
 Know whom to curse, and where salvation's giv'n;
 105 Millions for these the Gbd-head must create,
 And mark for horror in the book of fate;
 Damnation was their lot, ere earth was made,
 Ere the foundations of the world were laid.
 Perhaps 'tis false, you hastily will cry,
 110 Ask *Hill*,* he'll witness ev'ry word I say.
 Others, who dare the will of heav'n oppose,
 Will not allow that the Creator knows;
 Man hath both good and evil in his choice,
 While God himself's deny'd a casting voice.
 115 O, blind to truth! who never wilt descend
 From pride's vast heights, to know thy proper end.
 Be just, be humble, and receive what's giv'n
 With grateful heart, and-----leave the rest to heav'n,

* See *Pietas Oxoniensis*.

But

The A T H E I S T.

7

But if on fiery Zealots you rely,
120 Or stem the tide with proud Philosophy;
If basely you pollute the marriage bed,
And are to stews by filthy harlots led;
If with unhallow'd lips you dare blaspheme,
Or trifling use the Godhead's sacred name;
125 If your chief happiness is meat, and wine,
Blest to excess, when to excess you dine;
If with evasive lips your friend betray;
Or, by deception, make mankind your prey;
If, with oppressive hand, defraud the poor,
130 And with the ill-got wealth augment your store;
If you, the Guardians of a *British* state,
O heav'n defend us from so sad a fate!
If you profusely squander all our grain,
And, of her blood, your weeping country drain;
135 If you with Liberty (a sacred name)
Gild o'er the pill, which erring crowds enflame;
Tho' you in public own one first great Cause,
Yet ye who dare thus vilely break his laws,
Who dare to sin, with God himself in view,
140 Cannot believe what you pretend is true.

Hence

Hence then allow an Atheist may exist,
 Allow thou art upon the worthy list,
 Examine well thy breast, thy actions scan,
 With tears allow --- *Thou art the guilty man.*

- 145 Behold the wretch, too full of gospel pride,
 Betray those errors which he strove to hide;
 While, like the manag'd horse, he gallops on,
 Around, and round, and ends where he begun:
 No matter whence his proofs, or what his theme,
 150 His pious doctrines ever are the same.
 Deal at his Shop, on easy terms he'll sell,
 No Priest in Town can furnish you so well.
 A Soldier now he struts, and stuns your ears
 With, "will you list?*" I beat for volunteers;
 155 "Of ev'ry age I take, and sex, and size,
 "From grov'ling Dwarfs to those who touch the skies.
 "What! not a soul advance? ah, dastard things!
 "I came to raise you for my King of Kings,
 "With crowns of glory to reward your toil,
 160 "And make the low-born sons of earth your spoil.

* These Doctrines, incongruous as they may appear, have actually been delivered, by one of the most popular Preachers in this Kingdom.

"What!

“ What! not advance? my soul sheds drops of blood,
“ And fain would cleanse you in the purple flood.
“ But, as it were, a dawn of glory breaks
“ Within my breast, enlight’ned for your sakes ;
165 “ You will, you shall be under my command,
“ With me alone you’ll reach the promis’d land.
“ An Auctioneer the Proteus now puts on,
“ Speak quick ! ’tis going, going Sirs----’tis gone.
“ The Jewel, just knock’d down, was finely wrought,
170 “ Of me alone such rarities are bought.”
The Soldier, Auctioneer, and Craft thrown off,
Of charity the Priest now gives a proof,
Who prays to heav’n with true fanatic zeal,
That God would please to save the common-weal,
175 Where gospel truths for ever do abound----
May all beside, like Pharaoh’s host be drown’d.
The wisdom of this world to him is vain ;
Who reasons well must rob him of his gain.
Tho’ earthly goods attract his carnal eye,
180 The other squinting turns toward the sky.
Thus heav’n, and earth, are always in his view,
Who’d catch at both, yet unto neither true ;

D

Thrown

Thrown in the scale he must be wanting weight,
With God an *Atheist*, and with man a *Cheat*.

185 While *Philomath*, in *Locke* and *Boyle* well read,
Thinks unlearn'd virtue but of little stead.
Demonstrative your reasons must be found,
Or ev'ry maxim is at least unfound ;
Truth, tho' heav'n-born, deep in the earth is laid,
190 In finding which our labour's amply paid.
For who in ought would claim the least desert
Must square his studies by the rules of art ;
Lest some pedantic sage should damp your flame,
(Fearful of his) to stop your rising fame.
195 A meer mechanic, God himself hath been,
And but by nature's laws can save from sin.
He is all-wise, immutable, and just,
Who, in his wisdom, form'd us from the dust,
And therefore could not err ; thus man was wrought.
200 By his Creator, perfect, without fault.
Who says he fell, his Maker must arraign ;
He talks as wild, who talks of endless pain ;
The Resurrection's but an idle tale,
Prov'd, as you'll find, by that good Frenchman *Bayle*.

- 205 Thus all are clear'd in stern Religion's spite,
And *Pope*, sub-poena'd, swears *that all is right*.
What Pride suggests who would not laugh to hear?
What can remain this demi-god should fear?
A mouse, perhaps, just creeping from her hole,
210 Amidst his joy, may quite benumb his soul;
The meanest reptile his warm blood may freeze;
Or smallest atom which affects the breeze.
Ask him, what cause, these sad disasters wrought?
He trembling cries, "why, faith, 'twas want of thought."
215 Who, just before, both heav'n and earth could scan,
Oppress'd with fear, now sinks below a man.
Throw off thy pride, be honest, and confess
Thy boasted wisdom is uncertain guess;
Which, ev'n in that, acts in a narrow sphere,
220 The whole compris'd in one short solar year.
Presume no more his justice to impeach
Who put such knowledge far beyond thy reach;
Go to Humility, attend her school,
Know well thyself, and ---- be no more a fool.
225 Now let us leave this controverted scene,
And follow vice, who reigns triumphant Queen.

See

See, eminently vile, yon villain stand,
 Nor dread th' Omnipotent's up-lifted hand !
 Caitiff come forth, I'll drag thee from the stews,
 230 Thou, who unmov'd can'st innocence abuse;
 Perhaps thou think'st, some silent years being past,
 Thou art forgot, and pardon'd too at last.
 Mistaken man ! if I may call thee so
 Who art to all that's virtuous sworn a foe,
 235 Mistaken man ! thou'rt bound, and must be try'd
 " In that great court, where conscience doth preside,"
 Thy conquest view, behold yon weeping maid,
 Whose peaceful hours thy fallacy betray'd ;
 Behold her now, the victim of thy lust,
 240 Cover'd with wounds, and grov'ling in the dust.
 Abortive see her hapless offspring die,
 Or starv'd amidst thy bastard progeny.
 And yet this wretch,* from debts and taxes clear,
 Consumes, at least, five hundred pounds a year !
 245 Blush Hell, to see a mortal so refin'd,
 And own his actions are not far behind

* It scarcely needs to be observed, that this Character is intended as a contrast to that amiable one drawn by Mr. Pope, on *The Man of Ross* ; and we are sorry to add, that, like his, it is really drawn from nature. See the first Note.

Pity,

Thy great immortal Founder, blush to see
Him still persist in matchless infamy.
Pity, alas ! one soul should pay the score,
250 He's sins enough to damn ten thousand more.
Yet, like the vast gigantic race of old,
Who crimes on crimes, mountains on mountains roll'd,
He, not content with private ruin, spread
The dire contagion, to the marriage bed.
255 Is there a Dame, of more than fair renown,
For whom he burns not, would not hunt her down?
So Satan view'd the first created Pair,
And caught th' unwary woman in a snare ;
No fond idea could his guilt alloy,
260 Her ruin only gave the victor joy.
Beware, ye Fair ! and by example shun
The paths of vice, where millions are undone ;
Beneath those gaudy flow'rs, which tempt the soul,
Fell serpents hiss, and flaming sulphurs roll.
265 Now from effects to causes let us rise,
And view the source of ev'ry other vice,
A lying tongue ; which first the Child is taught
When lisping half-form'd sounds express each thought.

Matrona hears her prattling son, and smiles
170 When, of his toy, an infant he beguiles,
Or when the china's broke, if, to evade
The threat'ned birch, he lays it on the maid;
Nor dares the Sire provoke her direful rage
Who thinks her boy a wonder----of his age.
275 Thus early vice is stamp'd upon the mind,
Which often leaves a fatal mark behind.
Hence the vile Traytor, and deluded Fair
May trace the spring of all their future care;
He smiles, 'tis true, while of his conquest vain,
280 But not the smiles of virtue's fairer train;
Laughter belies him, o'er the treach'rous bowl,
His guilty conscience stabs him to the soul.
Hence Knaves arise, who throng the wrangling bar,
Hence, thro' false treaties, spring the seeds of war,
285 Hence household cares, and matrimonial strife,
And every evil which embitters life.
Falsus, a wretch of more than common guile,
When most submissive betrays you with a smile,
To all mankind, so very much a slave,
290 You'd almost swear, he's more a fool than knave;

But

- But ere you judge, inspect with cautious eyes,
And see who lurks beneath the close disguise,
Try ev'ry maze, his artful windings view,
Or find too late he never can be true.
- 295 What abject meanness must possess the man
Who stoops to act by this degen'rate plan!
Who labours more, (his Friend perhaps) to cheat,
Than honestly would gain th' expected treat!
You ask, who's *Falsus*? But, should I reply,
- 300 The man's well known, he lives---hold, hold, you cry,
Forbear his name, you'll certainly offend
Him, who in time, may prove a needful friend.
I give a name fictitious--- "who'll endure
"Th' unmeaning verse, which is at best obscure?"
- 305 Thus I'm perplex'd, no rest on either hand;
These must condemn, or those not understand.
But know, resolv'd I take up virtue's pen,
And, truth my guide, am quite unmov'd by men,
In Nature's walks I shoot them as they fly,
- 310 And leave the wounded bosom to apply.

Shall *Palmatrix* strut thro' the open street,
Prepar'd to dupe each cully he can meet,

And

- And quite remorseless, make mankind his prey,
Tho' ruin waits the victim of his play,
315 Tho' at his feet the helpless prattlers fall
Whose stupid Sire has just betray'd their all?
Shall he, compos'd of pertness and deceit,
Whose only merit is an arrant Cheat,
Shall he his maxims to our youth convey,
320 And, yelping, keep poor ragged worth at bay?
Or, like a plague, spread dire contagion round
Where Vice and Folly consecrate the ground;
Check the swift steed, or leave the destin'd course,
And yield the prize to some ignoble horse?
325 Or in the Pit, where combatants engage
With all the fury of a brutal rage,
Exult to see those little lives betray'd,
'Gainst which the Traytor one to ten had laid?
Shall he rejoice, while Law stands blushing by;
330 And Justice hope in vain one brave ally?
O deaf to reason's voice! Ye sons of Mirth
Drive such a Monster from the groaning earth.
With gen'rous Thieves associate; be known
To each street-robber who infests the town;

- 335 Round *Covent-Garden* seek th' indulgent Fair,
Intrust your fortune to a Strumpet's care;
Hope mercy from a conqu'ring Pirate's hand;
From Misers cash, before they've bound your Land;
With hungry Lions friendly union join;
340 Th' event, perhaps, may answer your design.
But to rely upon a Gamester's word
Is more presumptuous, ten times more absurd;
And he, whose faith th' experiment will prove,
May soon attempt the rugged Alps to move,
345 Across th' Atlantic pave a solid way,
Exclude the Sun, and give eternal day.
Yet, crimes like these admit of some defence,
When Want, and Famine, wage a War with sense;
But he whose fortune's plac'd above such ill
350 Must have the vice spontaneous in his will;
Must have a breast ally'd to all that's base,
Where what is gen'rous never found a place:
And some there are, we by experience know,
Who'd stake their Country at a single throw.
355 Blest be the Pow'r, who fix'd my humble lot,
From such fell Monsters, very far remote,

F

Who

Who gave me sense, to scorn those empty things;
 Which mean ambition sloop to glean from Kings;
 Pleas'd, in this lowly Cell, to live unknown,
 360 And sigh for many, but not envy one.

If in the busy walks of Life you go,
 There ev'ry man appears his Neighbour's foe;
 For each to cheat the other comes prepar'd,
 And who would live must be upon his guard.
 365 Dispute *Bravado's* word, he stakes his soul,
 And many staple-oaths confirm the whole;
 Where once to heav'n the wretch for mercy cries,
 Ten thousand times he damns his Limbs and Eyes;
Bravado's known, he lies, and swears in vain,
 370 Or, at the best, receives the same again;
 Contriving thus, by shifting of the weight
 From Truth's fair Scale, himself alone to cheat.
 Curses in higher Life are more refin'd,
 And for each diff'rent use, by art, design'd.
 375 When to the Fair *Sir Fribble* makes his suit,
 Impair my vigour, saith the tinsel'd Brute;
 Anathemas for expletives are brought,
 Which oftentimes supply a want of thought,

Or,

Or, for whole hours, in silence he'd remain,
380 Whose oaths refresh, and animate the strain.
But yon heroic Youth, who came from far,
And struts in all the dreadful pomp of war,
Who, in *Hyde-Park*, hath finish'd three Campaigns,
Damns with less art, tho' more exalted strains;
385 Zounds! Blood! and Thunder! as conjunctions, yoke
Words more unlike, than Friendship, and a Cloke,
Yet tremble not; the thing is tame enough,
And will not hurt ----- if you are scandal proof.
Ev'n rev'rend Teachers have been heard to swear,
390 Unmindful of the sacred charge they bear;
Unmindful of those men who bear them strife,
Who with their Doctrines will confront their Life.
Hence Sect'ries sprung. So rotten parts are found
To breed those Insects, which enlarge the wound.
395 But hold; lest Reason should presume to plead,
And frighten Conscience from her downy bed.
Then might the Sinner curse our daring theme,
Which wak'd him, rudely, from a golden dream;
Lace, Lawn, and Sword-knot, in a moment gone,
400 He views his very self ----- 'till then unknown.

Inspire

Inspire me heav'n with true poetic rage,
Great as the guilt of this abandon'd age;
Unaw'd by Title, unabash'd by Pow'r,
Let virtue only from my rage secure;
405 To *Gripal* yield the praise that's justly due,
And bring his faults unto the public view.
In youth he labour'd with uncommon toil,
The Plough directed, tam'd the stubborn soil;
And still his breast these useful words retain'd,
410 Who saves a penny, hath a penny gain'd.
Soon, by these maxims, he became more great,
And daily added to a large Estate;
But much it griev'd his Soul to see the Poor,
With streaming eyes, surround his mansion door.
415 Yet to relieve their wants, and not impair
His growing Fortune, and defraud the Heir,
Were knotty points, which he must first debate,
Who study'd long ere he pronounc'd their fate;
At length resolv'd, their Cottages pulls down,
420 And adds their little all unto his own.
In vain the lisping Innocents intreat,
Their Parents weep, but cannot give them meat.

Nine prattling Infants, whom *Matilda* bore
By good *Ernesto*, are, alas! no more:
425 Six days they languish'd, near their mother's side,
Who caught an eager last farewell and dy'd.
Not so their Father, still condemn'd to bear
The load of life, a lot far more severe,
To feel a rav'nous vulture gnaw his heart,
430 His children starving, none to take their part.
Gripal is fought, his charity implor'd,
(*Gripal* the good *Ernesto's* former Lord)
He's fought in vain, in vain to heav'n they cry'd,
Famish'd they fell, and where they fell, they dy'd.
435 How glorious, how heroic was the deed!
It would confirm an *Atheist* in his Creed.
An unfledg'd Sinner might, perhaps, relent,
But *Gripal's* much too noble to repent;
Hell must, to punish him, find something new,
440 He'll sin with that, and all its flames in view.
You now enquire, "for whom this worthy Lord
"Hath damn'd himself to save a mighty hoard?"
Believe me Sir, it is no easy task,
The question's doubtful which you're pleas'd to ask.

- 445 Yet, lest some snarling Critic should prevail,
 And with rank falsity pervert my tale,
 Against my will (I own it) I submit,
 Tho' after all 'tis ten to one you're bit;
 The name's fictitious, and, if you apply,
- 450 Remember Sir, 'tis you're to blame, not I.
 He brib'd Electors, made Church-wardens swear
 Their Rates were fairly sign'd, by — no one there,
 Fawn'd on plebeians, fed them for a day,
 Then stole their Liberty, and flunk away.
- 455 Our worshipful good men he often treats,
 Whose well-fill'd paunches crush the higher seats;
 Whence they, with wisdom, parcel out the law,
 Commanding reverence by the hem, and haw.
 This *Jolly* knew (too long on turtle fed,
- 460 Who nightly spew'd 'ere he reel'd up to bed)
 Resolv'd in all to imitate my Lord,
 He furnish'd out, each day, a sumptuous board.
 From house to house the dire contagion run,
 They eat and sleep, and eat — 'till they're undone ;
- 465 But still the Peer had kindness in reserve,
 He gave protections ; creditors may starve,

No

No more mankind are in continual fear,
 No circumspection now, tho' Duns are near,
 Those horrid Monsters, Bards would fly of yore,
 470 The dread of *Philips**, *Otway*|| are no more.
 What mighty blessings must attend the Great
 Who pay our debts — at such an easy rate!
 Avaunt ye Duns! Ye curs restrain your rage!
 Or with the wind an empty combat wage;
 475 Go to *Moorfields*, attend the Doctors, there
 They'll purge, and bleed, and keep you from despair.
 Perhaps some little scruple may arise,
 When conscience calls, on men not over wise,
 But *F—t*, and *W—ks*, and twenty I could name,
 480 By practice prove, they're ev'ry soul to blame.
 I've heard of some (remote from *Britain's* isle)
 Who've made whole provinces a common spoil,

* Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace a Dun
 Horrible Monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk beware,
 Be circumspect. PHILIPS'S *Splendid Shilling*.

|| He liv'd the most uncomfortable of all lives, sometimes in excess, and sometimes in want, to the thirty-third year of his age. On the 14th of April, 1685, he died at a public house, on Tower-hill. This short melancholy account may be of use to the ingenious, who may expect to raile their fortunes by great men, without applying themselves to such arts as may render them useful to society in general. See some account of *OTWAY'S* life, prefixed to his works.

Betray'd

Betray'd their Prince to measures most unjust,
 And as a bargain held a public trust,
 485 Enslav'd the people, took their Rights away,
 Who'd *Judas*-like, their very God betray.
 O happy *Albion*! guarded by the seas,
 Thou'rt well secur'd from Canibals like these;
 Blest in thy native strength, O Queen of Isles!
 490 Was union thine, the world would court thy smiles;
 But when intestine broils disjoint thy pow'r
 Surrounding Nations wait thee to devour.
 Let not a name to rankling malice lead,
 Tho' born on this, or th'other side the Tweed,
 495 Lay such unmanly base reflections down,
 For Virtue struggle, make her cause thy own.
 Direct your eyes toward the northern coast,
 And then ye Patriots! of wisdom boast;
 While unemploy'd, and vagrant, half our poor,
 500 The crafty *Dutchmen* annual millions store.
 Survey the public roads, see commerce stay'd,
 Swords sheath'd in vain, an idle army paid,
 And river-gods lift up their awful heads
 To beg releasement from their oozy beds;

505 What gave thee, *Lewis*,* such immortal fame,
Sinks jarring *Britons* to as endless shame.
Let discord cease, ye sons of Freedom, rise!
And from example, 'ere too late, be wise.

Nine times the moon, fair empress of the night,
510 Her spacious orb renew'd, with borrow'd light,
Since *Pride*, delusive pow'r, *Intemp'rance* sought,
Who, at one birth, two monstrous creatures brought.
First *Poverty*, a meagre spright, was born,
Whom both her parents view'd with equal scorn ;
515 Not so their younger hope, *Rebellion* came,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, and ready to inflame
The Crowd, inspir'd with Liberty and Fame.
Too many, thoughtless, caught th' alluring bait,
And bore the rigour of his wayward fate.
520 Look thro' this magic-glass, before your eyes
Oppression, Cheats, subverted Rights arise !
On which he much enlargeth, points the way
For injur'd orphans to receive their pay,
Proves *Jaffier* wrong, who would desert his side,
525 Who for a Cause so noble should have dy'd.

* *Lewis* the XIVth of France, the greatest Name in modern History.

With *Falstaff's* virtue, he had *Woolston's* creed,
 And *Richard's** soul, which loath'd each cruel deed,
 Yet, grown elate, he strove to grasp the crown,
 But *Britain's* guardian Genius kept him down.
 530 Revenge, and death were menac'd by the throng,
 At those who'd offer such a Patriot wrong;
 Arm! Arm! they cry'd, let not a man refuse
 Or sword, or bludgeon, which he best can use;
 Here's rotten eggs, a plenteous harvest sow,
 535 These missile weapons let our ladies throw.
 To arms! to arms! all is your lawful claim,
 Immortal *Tyler* points the road to fame.
 But lest you think I run beyond my bound,
 And with unhallow'd feet tread holy ground,
 540 Lo! I declare, I mean nor you, nor he,
 Pronouncing still the *Hart ungalled free*.
 On *Avon* born (not where the tuneful Nine
 Did with a muse of fire, inspire the bard divine!
 But those unfung meandering streams, which roam
 545 Thro' tractless meadows, 'till they join the *Frome*)
 The privilege of *British* birth I hope,
 Nor would for worlds my native freedom cope.

* Richard the III^d. of England.

Let others barter, funk by treach'rous bowls,
 While *W—ks and V—n, two worthy honest souls,
 550 Despise preferment which is gain'd by sin,
 And strive, tho' poor without, for peace within.

Is this an *Atheist*? sternly you demand,
 Some paultry thoughts vamp'd up at second-hand,
 Meer rambling verse, with scarce a line your own,
 555 Tho' mangled so the author can't be known.
 Where's your Synopsis? damn such empty stuff!
 A Cobler write! well! faith 'tis high enough.
 Enjoy thy poverty, give me a glass,
 Which soon will prove who is the greater ass.

560 Another cries, zounds, let the Fellow write
 With *Milton's* genius, and with *Churchill's* spite,
 Fluent as *Shakespeare*, and correct as *Pope*,
 I'll bet a pound his chief reward is hope;
 'Tis all a joke, Religion's but a trade,
 565 And they are fools who follow it unpaid.

* Such be their Arts, whom Interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.
 We scorn Preferment which is gain'd by sin,
 And will, tho' poor without, have peace within. CHURCHILL.

Was

Was God the least concern'd how matters go;
He never would, with gold, indulge a foe,
For that's the greatest bliss which can be giv'n,
Tho' whining fools prefer a fancy'd heav'n.

570 Am I to blame if those who cannot read
Contemn these lines, because I earn my bread?
Am I to blame if Witlings, who have plann'd
Fame from the labour of another's hand,
Praise the lame verse, when 'tis suppos'd their own,
575 Yet pass the Author with contemptuous frown;
And mock his judgment, should some partial Friend
Presume one line of *Elliot* to defend?
If villains thrive, can we from thence infer
Virtue in rags is not th' Almighty's care;
580 That Chance depressed those, made these elate,
While God sits idly looking on our fate?

That man's immortal e'en our fears make known;
Malus resolv'd to hang himself, or drown,
Of Friends devoid, abandon'd, and distressed,
585 E'en hope was banish'd from his coward breast.

Yet

Yet, ere his hands the fatal cord entwin'd,
Thus *Fear* suggested to his wav'ring mind ;
To be or not to be, is now in doubt :
Consider, when this vital lamp's put out,
590 And life's extinguish'd, if thou art no more,
What can retard thee on this hated shore ?
But after death, if thou art to appear
Before some Judge, thou know'st not whom, nor where,
Stay desp'rate wretch ! remember, this last stake
595 Is greater far than thou did'st ever make.
She said ; he quickly flew impending death,
Tho' scorn'd and hated to his latest breath.
And yet, with dauntless face, inur'd to shame,
Behold *Commentum* damn himself to fame !
600 To ridicule he turns the Holy writ,
And fires salvation off in squibs of wit ;
Increase and multiply, the first command
Which man receiv'd from his creator's hand,
Is quoted, as an argument, to prove
605 We're all the offspring of incestuous love,
The royal preacher with *Uriah's* wife,
E'en in adult'ry sanctify'd his life ;

For how could he, form'd *after God's own heart*,
From virtue's strict œconomy depart?

610 Slave, talk no more of virtue, thou would'st marr
Her choicest rules, I call thee to the bar
Where *Truth* prevails, hold up thy guilty head,
And, if thou can'st support thy action, plead.
Is it consistent with thy rule of right

615 To rob another of his dear delight?
Subvert his choice, and wound his very soul,
Rather than strive thy passions to controul?
Or his domestics from obedience draw,
And under friendship's banner trample on her law?

620 If one of nicer ear, and faithful breast,
Who may thy luscious blasphemy detest,
Begg thou'lt desist, and let thy passion cool,
Doth reason bid thee curse him for a fool?
Suppose religion, as thou say'st, a Trade,

625 That worlds, surrounding worlds, by chance were made;
And then conclude, the tenor of the law
Was form'd by men, mankind to keep in awe,
Yet, if thou'dst life or property secure,
Thou'rt bound those laws to own, and patiently endure.

630 For

630 For once be honest, own the truth, and say,
 Is conscience easy when thou dost betray
 Thy neighbour's secrets? Is all right within?
 Art thou the Israelite unstain'd with sin?
 Doth not that faithful monitor, sometimes
 635 Gently upbraid thee of thy secret crimes;
 Such as Adult'ry, Incest, and—we might
 Add thousands more, too black to bear the light.
 But all in vain; for thou art dead to grace,
 And mock'st their words who talk of future peace,
 640 Then still persist, and let thy pride conceal,
 Those inward gnawings thou art doom'd to feel;
 Live, as a proof how small an estimate*
 Heav'n hath confer'd upon a large estate,
 By heaping riches on thy perjur'd head,
 645 When God's most noble || works are barely fed.
 And when the measure of thy days is full,
 And thou art gather'd to the mighty dull,
 Curst be the hand which violates thy will,
 Or robs thee of thy favourite vault, a Mill.†

* Alluding to an Epitaph on Colonel *Chartres*, by Doctor *Arbuthnot*.

|| Honest Men, according to Mr. Pope, see his *Essay on Man*.

† A real Fact, too well known to need an Explanation.

650 Can'st thou believe the wicked happy here?
 That they're exempt from ev'ry future care?
 That all is ended in the silent grave?
 If so, persist, and be an arrant knave;
 Thro' seas of blood, to honour's summit climb,
 655 Advance in mischief, dare some giant-crime,
 Some new-found-vice, enrich'd with infamy,
 Which *Cromwell*, if alive, would blush to see,
 Wou'd make hell tremble barely to look on,
 And thee regret, almost as soon as done.
 660 Then in a fit of frenzy and despair,
 (Since life no longer will be worth thy care)
 Act well the *Roman* part, assert † thy right,
 And stain'd with blood, fall in eternal night.

† If the Author chose to be personal, many might be brought from obscurity, who have, in his hearing, defended this Doctrine; however, for the present, they are left to the Stings of a guilty Conscience, and he hopes they will not provoke him, by their future Conduct, to set their Actions in a more ridiculous Light.

F I N I S.